the twinkling. *Exit Clowne.*

Baſſ. I pray thee good *Leonardo* thinke on this,
Theſe things being bought and orderly beſtowed
Returne in haſt, for I doe feaſt to night
My beſt eſteemd acquaintance, hie thee goe.

Leon. My beſt endeuours ſhall be done heerein. *Exit Leonardo.*

Enter Gratiano.

Grati. Where's your Maiſter.

Leonar. Yonder ſir he walkes.

Grati. Signior *Baſſanio.*

Baſſ. Gratiano.

Gra. I haue ſute to you.

Baſſ. You haue obtaind it.

Gra. You muſt not deny me, I muſt goe with you to Belmont.

Baſſ. Why then you muſt but heare thee *Gratiano,*
Thou art to wild, to rude, and bold of voyce,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in ſuch eyes as ours appeare not faults
But where thou art not knowne; why there they ſhow
Somthing too liberall, pray thee take paine
To allay with ſome cold drops of modeſtie
Thy skipping ſpirit, leaſt through thy wild behauiour
I be miſconſtred in the place I goe to,
And looſe my hopes.

Gra. Signor *Baſſanio,* heare me,
Yf I doe not put on a ſober habite,
Talke with reſpect, and ſweare but now and than,
Weare prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely,
Nay more, while grace is ſaying hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and ſigh and ſay amen:
Vſe all the obſeruance of ciuillity
Like one well ſtudied in a ſad oſtent
To pleaſe his Grandam, neuer truſt me more.

Baſſ. Well, we ſhall ſee your bearing.

Gra. Nay but I barre to night, you ſhall not gage me
By what we doe to night.

Baſſ. No that were pitty,

I would

I would intreate you rather to put on
Your boldeſt ſute of mirth, for we haue friends
That purpoſe merriment: but far you well,
I haue ſome buſines.

Gra. And I muſt to *Lorenſo* and the reſt,
But we will viſite you at ſupper time. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ieſſica *and the Clowne.*

Ieſſica. *I* am ſorry thou wilt leaue my Father ſo,
Our houſe is hell, and thou a merry deuill
Didſt rob it of ſome taſt of tediouſnes,
But far thee well, there is a ducat for thee,
And *Launcelet,* ſoone at ſupper ſhalt thou ſee
Lorenſo, who is thy new Maiſters gueſt,
Giue him this Letter, doe it ſecretly,
And ſo farwell: I would not haue my Father
See me in talke with thee.

Clowne. Adiew, teares exhibit my tongue, moſt beautifull Pagan, moſt ſweete Iewe, if a Chriſtian doe not play the knaue and get thee, *I* am much deceaued; but adiew, theſe fooliſh drops doe ſomthing drowne my manly ſpirit: adiew.

Ieſſica. Farwell good *Launcelet.*
Alack, what heynous ſinne is it in me
To be aſhamed to be my Fathers child,
But though *I* am a daughter to his blood
I am not to his manners: ô *Lorenſo*
Yf thou keepe promiſe *I* ſhall end this ſtrife,
Become a Chriſtian and thy louing wife. *Exit.*

Enter Gratiano, Lorenſo, Salaryno, and Salanio.

Loren. Nay, we will ſlinke away in ſupper time,
Diſguiſe vs at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.

Gratia. We haue not made good preparation.

Salari. We haue not ſpoke vs yet of Torch-bearers,

Solanio. Tis vile vnleſſe it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my minde not vndertooke.

Loren. Tis now but foure of clocke, we haue two houres

To